

The State Chronicle.

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THE CHRONICLE tries to have no dull column. Certainly its advertising columns are interesting. Its advertisers are not only its patrons but its contributors also. They are among the most trustworthy and obliging business men in North Carolina, and they write about very useful and very practical subjects. They tell the truth; they do their business with generous honesty; and they advertise. Of course, therefore, they are prosperous. Their advertisements are classified, and following is an alphabetical index to them:

AGENTS—Eugene L. Harris, 3d p. 5th col.
ALFRED WILLIAMS & CO., 4th p. 3d col.
BOOKS AND STATIONERY—
H. J. Brown, 3d p. 5th col.
COFFEES—
S. M. Richardson, 4th p. 3d col.
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C. E. Smith, 4th p. 3d col.
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M. J. Mosley, 3d p. 6th col.
CORSETS—
T. C. Boshamer & Co., 3d p. 5th col.
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Pescud, Lee & Co., 3d p. 6th col.
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Bingham School, 3d p. 5th col.
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HARDWARE—
J. C. Brewster & Co., 4th p. 4th col.
T. H. Briggs & Son, 4th p. 4th col.
J. C. Sumsen, 3d p. 4th col.
HOTELS—
Yarborough House, 3d p. 5th col.
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS—
Fred. A. Watson, 4th p. 3d col.
INSURANCE—
North Carolina Home Co., 4th p. 3d col.
LAWRENCE—Fidelity & Son, 4th p. 4th col.
LOANS—S. D. Tussey, 3d p. 5th col.
LUMBER—
A. F. Page & Sons, 4th p. 3d col.
REAL ESTATE—
J. T. Pool, 3d p. 5th col.
TOBACCO—
Blackwell Durham Tobacco Co., 4th p. 4th and 5th cols.
WANTS—Position as Clerk, 4th p. 3d col.

RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER 8.

THE SOUTH'S CHANCE.

For the last fifteen years men from the Southern States have not had the influence in National politics that they formerly had, or that the wealth, the numbers and the intelligence of the Southern people entitled them to have. The reason has been twofold.

In the first place the mass of politicians in the Southern States of this generation is not as strong nor as unselfish as the mass of politicians of the last generation was. Few of our representatives in Congress have been really strong men, and one result of the war (and perhaps the worst result) was the prostitution of politics to purely partisan purposes. The fanaticism of reconstruction, when we were made the victims of it, robbed us of our calm and spoiled our patience. What a bountiful crop of demagogues we grew in consequence! Consider the puny men in North Carolina and Virginia, indeed in nearly all the Southern States, whom we honored as Democrats, and who now dishonor us as "Liberals." Worse than war has been the degradation of our political morals. And this era of degradation, compared with other eras of our history, has been an era of small men—conspicuous exceptions as our few large men are. Never in the old times was politics so mean a thing as it has been these fifteen years.

The other reason (and the main one) why the Southern States have not had their share of influence in National politics, is because we have been forced to be on the offensive. To keep off the refuse of war and to deny slanders has been our chief political business. We have never reached the place where we could be aggressive. We have been the victims of sectionalism.

This is now no longer true. Sectionalism is dead. A new line of battle has been formed. The Southern States again have a chance to assert themselves. The election of Mr. CARLISLE to the Speakership has made another question uppermost. Democratic doctrine now is tariff-reform, else there is no Democratic doctrine. The marketless manufacturers of New England and the agricultural States in the West will become allies with the Democrats against Pennsylvania with her iron, Louisiana with her sugar, and the manufacturing Middle States with their protection. The talk now about the sectional issue is the talk of men who have not kept up with the times. Since General GRANT was defeated for the third time, at Chicago more than \$200,000,000 of Northern capital has found investment in the Southern States, two great international exhibitions have been held in Southern States, and the people of the two sections have become more intimately acquainted with one another, and less ready to believe lies about one another than at any preceding time during the last fifty years. The cry of sectionalism is not simply out of date—it is absurd and futile. Mr. CARLISLE's election proved that.

This gives the Democrats a chance, such as they have not had since Mr. LINCOLN's election, to regain the influence in National politics that Southern men once held.

Mr. SCALES, it is said, voted for Mr. RANDALL. The platform-makers of our party next year may again dodge the vital point and Mr. SCALES may be our nominee for Governor. But if dodging should reduce our majority next year as much as it reduced it last year, we may not have the pleasure of electing him. Besides, by next

June the people of North Carolina may conclude that a reduction of the revenue and the placing of the party in line with the National Democracy are more important than the election of any particular man.

Surely, the Southern Democracy's chance to regain power and dignity is not to be connive at protection; and, if Democracy in North Carolina is to be an influential part of the National Democracy, it must not be afraid to call its soul its own. Neither need it try again to mix oil and water.

SOCIETY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

At a dinner given in this city last week to a party of visitors from New England, a gentleman from New Hampshire, had the frankness to say that the prime reason why men of small means who earn their livelihood by their own work—especially artisans—from New England, hesitate to make their homes in the South, is because they think they will not receive such social recognition as they receive in New England. They think that in our social life they will be classed with our unskilled laborers—with the most uncultivated part of our society. To this Mr. MONTFORD MCGEEHEE made an exceedingly felicitous reply when he gave as proof of the social esteem we have for skilled labor the fact that several of our foremost citizens—foremost in social life as well as in enterprise and culture—have sent their sons to New England to learn to earn their living by their own hands.

The truth is, society in North Carolina is in a somewhat peculiar predicament. It is totally misapprehended in New England, and not very well understood at home. It has a real and solid basis—a basis of social worth; and it has two fictitious elements—a tradition on the one hand, and a sort of revolutionary tendency on the other.

The best society we have in North Carolina—that is to say, the men and women of the best manners and character—as in every other State, are those to whose making generations of good manners and character have contributed. Everything else being equal, the sons and daughters of refined and vigorous parents will make a calmer and better balanced society than any other class. But the unhappy truth is, too few of what we choose to call "our best families" have outlived slavery. There were honorable names thirty years ago on the tongues of all, which are now seldom heard. And it is undeniably true that by far the most of the successful enterprises in the State, and especially the great number of modest but successful institutions and industries are the property and the creation of men whose fathers, at least whose grandfathers, followed the plow—and to follow the plow in North Carolina thirty years ago was a very different social thing from following the plow now. Of these two classes, then, our best society is now composed—of the vigorous part of the old society, and the more cultivated, more energetic part of the middle class.

The first of our two social illusions are these—the tradition of social greatness which poor people with great names make an excuse for pride and an occasion for martyrdom. These, if they were not pitiable, ought to be called the comic element of our society. They are the poorest of the poor, the proudest of the proud, though they really live by the charity of their neighbors, and their social egotism is tolerated because they are harmless. There is much in blood, and our people have always believed in it. But this traditional and superannuated element of our social life has done much to weaken this popular faith.

Our other social illusion is the notion that we have suffered a great revolution and that the bottom rail must now be on top simply because it used to be at the bottom. A sort of social revolution indeed we have suffered. But it is easy to exaggerate it and the popular notion of it is doubtless an exaggeration.

Now as always—even more surely than ever before—our social life has a basis of simple common-sense. All theories about it are treacherous. The sensible practical man makes society about him very much as he chooses to have it. There will for many years be a few ancients who think that nothing modern is respectable; there are, too, in every society suddenly awakened or suddenly enriched people who feel their own social importance more than it is felt by other people; but both these contribute to the general welfare by affording amusement to the larger class of plain men and women who now, as always, really constitute our society, which is not natural nor normal nor thoroughly honest if it pretend to be anything but plain.

The better class of Republican voters in the Northern States have long refused to entrust the Federal Government to the Democrats not more because they do not love Democratic principles than because they are afraid of the greed of the Democratic office-seekers. The flocking of Southern candidates to Washington to secure positions as soon as Congress assembled is the very worst thing that can befall the Democratic party. We used to be a dignified party. Greed for spoils will spoil our chances next year. If Southern Democrats are working for the establishment of Democratic principles, let them keep away from Washington. Or are we really working for lucre? If so, wherein are we better than the other fellows?

We have now talked a good deal. Suppose we now begin to put up the money for the State Exposition. Cash is more convincing than eloquence, and quite as graceful. And this isn't a cheap frolic we are in for. By the way, THE CHRONICLE observes that its esteemed contemporaries are advertising for advertisements for the benefit of our people and our visitors from New England, but about their cash for the Exposition nothing has been said. Money! Eloquence can be got any dull day. The whole land is full of it.

SECTIONAL, OF COURSE.

The New York Tribune, which is the only journal outside of Philadelphia which ever had national prominence that is now strenuously protectionist, says: "Democracy, then, means Mr. CARLISLE. That is, it is a Southern and not a Northern party." Nay, neither Southern nor Northern. The votes that Mr. CARLISLE received in the Democratic caucus were by no means all from the South. The following table kills the sectional claim very dead:

| | Carlisle. | Cor. | Randall. |
|---------------------|-----------|------|----------|
| South..... | 72 | 4 | 20 |
| Pacific..... | 3 | 8 | 7 |
| West..... | 39 | 8 | 7 |
| North and East..... | 1 | 15 | 24 |
| Total..... | 106 | 30 | 55 |

That is, Mr. CARLISLE and Mr. COX together, whose votes are the anti-protectionist votes, were largely greater than the RANDALL votes not only in the South, but in the West, in the Pacific States and a very respectable number in the Northern and Eastern States. On the other hand, the RANDALL wing was stronger in the South than in the West and the Pacific States together. The RANDALL party is first of all a Pennsylvania party, then a Middle States and Southern party. The CARLISLE Democracy is national.

If there be sectionalism in this it is the West against the Middle States; and the South and New England are each divided. The forces are ranging for an interesting little fight—the people against monopolies. Well, the monopolies must go. Sectionalism? If a man so much as speaks of it now, he makes himself laughably absurd.

If our bounding young Democracy in North Carolina wishes to put itself in line with the National Democratic party, it would not be a bad notion to refrain from office-seeking at Washington and to organize Revenue-Reform clubs in the State. There is an interesting chapter in English history—the chapter in which COBURN is in central figure—that will be repeated in American history.

THE West is now the most aggressive section in National politics, and the political changes of recent years indicate that there will be one of these days a solid West—solid for revenue-reform. The South is badly divided on this cardinal question. An interesting rearrangement of the men on the board is imminent.

Not a few of our esteemed young and vigorous contemporaries occasionally leap up to exclaim that it is a new day in the South—young men to the front! Very good. We welcome the new day, and the best evidence of its dawning would be the rosette glow of gold for the State Exposition.

THE CHRONICLE observes that its esteemed contemporaries are exercised to determine the honorable father of the idea of a State Exposition. A greater glory is the glory of pushing it forward, and the real hero is the man who shows his desire for good works by subscribing money.

PLANS for the State Exposition next year move bravely on. Men of influence and of money in every part of the State vie with each other in enthusiasm for it. It's bound to be, and it's bound to be big.

Hard Work Did It.

From the Tolson and Sherry Home.

Mr. W. H. Langley divided his farm into two sections and put a tenant on each, giving each a mule. Essex Farmer, cotton worked first section, 16 acres in cotton. He made twenty-one bales of cotton weighing 450 lbs each, 80 barrels of corn, 10 stacks of fodder, 50 bushels of sweet potatoes.

Isaac Taylor worked the second section, 20 acres in cotton and made 16 bales of cotton weighing 450 lbs each, 50 barrels of corn, 7 stacks of fodder, 15 bushels of peas and 30 bushels of sweet potatoes.

Mr. Langley himself only made a grain crop. He harvested 9 bushels of wheat and harvested 167½ bushels, and his out crop which was the best in section, turned out 300 bushels. After cutting off his wheat and oats, he sowed the land down in peas and made enough to fatten 13 hogs, which he says will make 2,000 pounds of meat.

This is the Way to Get 'Em.

From the Washington (N. C.) Gazette.

One hundred settlers in a year in Beaufort county with an average capital of \$1,000 would increase our wealth by \$100,000, a sum not to be dispensed when poured into the laps of any section. Do the citizens of Aurora, Pantego and other villages in this county desire this immigration with its attendant advantages? Will our neighboring counties join in the movement? They have only to exert themselves. What have enterprising men to say about this suggestion?

N. C. as a Summer Resort.

From the Wilmington Star.

Mrs. Bernard, a lady of Boston, is here for the purpose of securing a suitable building in which to open a winter boarding house and restaurant to accommodate wealthy persons and families of the North. Mrs. Bernard's house in Boston was the resort of many of the most prominent visitors from our State to the exposition, including Mr. McGeehe, Capt. J. T. Patrick and others.

A Chance for Investment.

From the Beaufort Telephone.

The number of yachts passing through this port from the Northern States to Florida is larger this winter than usual, denoting that the number of Southern visitors is on the increase. If Beaufort had a first class hotel we would be largely patronized by people of wealth, and the "winter of our discontent" would be made a prosperous and lively season for trade or traffic.

Discouraging to Amateurs.

From the Elizabeth City Economist.

There was a snake on exhibition here on Saturday that was said to be of the same kind that impeded the army of Regulus. He was a man eater by preference, but his owner not being able to procure so costly a diet, fed him on young calves. He took a meal at intervals of three months; when he would eat three or four calves.

Let us Help Ourselves.

From the Elizabeth City Economist.

It is proposed to celebrate the landing on Roanoke Island of the first colonies of the English speaking race in America on the Fourth of July 1584, three hundred years ago. Will Congress help us with an appropriation?

Safe but not Prodigious.
From the Elizabeth City Economist.
Skinner's majority, 844.

CHRONICLE COMMENTS.

The North Carolina Miner for November, the pioneer we believe in special journalism in North Carolina, comes out interesting in fashion and matter.

There has been an unusual demand for last week's CHRONICLE, which contained Mr. Edward Atkinson's suggestive letter. By the way, the usual demand for THE CHRONICLE is by no means small these days.

Bishop Hargrove, made an effort at Statesville to induce some of the young Methodist preachers in this State to go to the Territories and the States in the far West. But he found none willing to go.

THE CHRONICLE has been informed by a Republican boss in "confidence," which of course is only a delicate way of asking that it be published—that the North Carolina Republican platform next year will "demand a railroad commission."

It is a little strange, yet it is surely a fact, that Clayton and Scotland Neck are the homes of the best writers of verses which are published first in the North Carolina press. "Ernest Harte," in the Scotland Neck Commonwealth, and certain writers for the Bud, make verses that are very clever and pleasant.

Mr. Donald W. Bain has a genius for the work of a secretary. He is Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons in North Carolina, and he was one of the secretaries of the Methodist Conference at Statesville. The State Treasurer is not called secretary, but the work is work of a similar nature. So much for doing well whatever one does.

Mr. C. B. Denson, of Pittsboro, who has done so much excellent and useful work, educational, industrial and horticultural for North Carolina, strengthening and beautifying the minds of our boys, and the yards about our houses—which all tends alike to our upbuilding, and marks him as an uncommonly cultivated and useful man—gave his friends in Raleigh the pleasure of a short visit this week.

The Monroe Literary Society will answer the following questions at its next meeting: "Where is the grotto of Antiparos, and for what is it famous?" "Who introduced the first plow into Egypt?" "What is the number of Gaius's skeleton at Washington?" "What is the legend of the rose of Damascus?" For novelty and variety this would be hard to beat. We are original or nothing.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin says that "one of the most embarrassing Southern questions is what to do with the girls." We may have been "rebels." We may be poor. We may be slow. All the unfortunate things that have been said about us may be true. But the line must be drawn somewhere. And THE CHRONICLE cannot allow this slander on our chivalrous knights to go uncontradicted. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. The Bulletin makes a willful and malicious misrepresentation. We do know what to do with the girls!

Challenged! Accepted!

THE CHRONICLE last week contained in two pages allusions to its "dusky contemporary, the Tarboro Guide," for which it now begs the pardon of its esteemed blonde contemporary. For our really dusky contemporary, the Tarboro Sentinel was meant. But THE CHRONICLE before this explanation and apology could be made has opportunity to publish the following challenge from to-day's Guide:

THE RALEIGH CHRONICLE in its last issue twice alludes to its "dusky contemporary" the Tarboro Guide, once in an editorial and once in a surprise to us; we did not know that we had changed our hue. The last time we modestly consulted our mirror we found reflected on our face the complexion of a mulatto. We had the powers of the chameleon, or possessed like certain precious stones and jewels, the power of changing color. But something doubting after the statement of our truthful confere, we hurried precipitately to the glass and scrutinized ourselves. We found to our satisfaction that our esteemed contemporary had somehow fallen into error. We supposed it had been reading the Tarboro Sentinel, a colored organ. If what has been said is not sufficient to induce THE CHRONICLE to do better, we will send him a photograph of ourselves, accompanied with a certificate of the Court Clerk that the charge is without color, ergo, we are white, that is, without color.

A photographer's card with the image and superscription of THE CHRONICLE's whole resident staff goes to-day to its blonde contemporary, the Guide. And thus, unless the prime cause of all this ill-will, the dusky Sentinel, makes cause for further trouble, bloodshed has happily been avoided, and the photograph has done its duty. The rest is up to you. And we assure both and all our esteemed Tarboro contemporaries of whatever hue of our distinguished consideration.

Just So, and So be It!

TO THE CHRONICLE.—We have now reached the place as THE CHRONICLE so aptly puts it, where the road forks. I am in favor of abolishing the Internal Revenue taxes and collecting all the money needed to run the Government at the custom houses. This will insure protection to American labor and industry. The triumph of Carlisle means ultimate free trade if Democracy prevails, and it also means the majority of the Democrats in the House of Representatives oppose the abolition of the Internal Revenue system. It also means the loss to the Democrats of at least one Congressional District in North Carolina. REPUBLICAN.

He will Live in North Carolina.

Special Correspondence of The Chronicle.

INDSOR, Dec. 4.—The Boston Exhibition has attracted the attention of capitalists to all parts of our State. Mr. Chas. P. Briggs, a graduate of Harvard College, from Lawrence, Mass., is here looking at the lands, timber and fisheries. He is a man of sound judgment, a keen observer, and will return with a good impression of our people. The name of the people I thank THE CHRONICLE for what is done and is doing in the way of bringing people to view our land of promise. The cotton crop of the county is about gathered.

Watching in Vain.

BY M. MILLS.

I was so happy I could not rest.
Like the foolcreeper bird with the velvet breast,
For I thought he would come with the stars of the night.
With his smile and his glance to me so bright.
So I plucked the rose that he loved the best.
And twin-like dew drops slept on his breast.
The lone moon found me watching still,
And she sadly smiled at me.
The night wind sighed and faint and low
I heard the distant sea.
And every shadow on the road
I thought my love to be.

At last I saw men coming slow
And with a muffled tread,
I murmured, "Why they are not my true love
But a lifeless form instead.
That could not be my darling one
So cold, so still and dead."

I wandered to-day to the brooklet's side,
Where the boughs hang low and violets grow
O'erhung with hawthorn sweet,
I murmured, "Why they are not my true love
He is angry at something I said."
O God, how I have loved and loved and loved,
That my own sweet love was dead.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

—Mr. N. A. McMillan, of Lumberton, died Tuesday of last week, aged 40.

—Miss Maggie Kingsbury, of Wilmington is visiting her old friends in Oxford.

—Mrs. Senator Vance, it is said, is even more popular in Washington than the Senator.

—Maj. J. W. Graham and Judge Ruffin have formed a law partnership at Hillsboro.

—Mr. Augustus M. Moore, of Greenville, was married to Mrs. M. E. Roberts, of Edenton last week.

—Mr. Charles Bingham was married in Salisbury on Thursday of last week to Miss Augusta Holt.

—In Charlotte, on December 4th, Mr. S. F. Pace was united in marriage to Miss Nona S. Puryear.

—On Wednesday morning Nov. 28, Mr. Frank V. Webb was married to Miss Georgia A. Bridges, of Wilson.

—Mr. J. B. Boddie, the Treasurer of Nash county, was married last week to a daughter of Mr. K. Taylor.

—Rev. W. S. Black has gone to Anderson county, S. C., to the bedside of his mother who is critically ill.

—At her residence at Morrisville on Saturday night last, Mrs. Nancy Morris, aged 73 years, died of pneumonia.

—Mrs. Shober and daughters, of Salisbury will be "At Home" to their friends every Thursday evening in December.

—On Thursday Mrs. Jessie T. Ellington, of Clayton, daughter of Mr. David Smith of Johnston county, departed this life.

—Mr. Samuel F. Phillips, Solicitor-General of the United States, is visiting his friends and relations in this State.

—Mr. Peter Adams, an aged and universally esteemed citizen of Greensboro, died after a brief illness on December 4th.

—Col. L. B. Polk was good enough to pay us a short visit this week, but he took again to Boston to attack diphtheria.

—Rev. Dr. George Patterson, of Tyler, Texas, has been giving his old friends in Wilmington and in Raleigh the pleasure of a visit.

—On Thursday of last week Mr. D. H. Witherspoon was married at the residence of the bride's father in Hickory to Miss Mollie Stallings.

—All his friends are delighted to see Phil. Dashiell back home again after a long absence in Texas and Colorado.—Elizabeth City Falcon.

—In Winston the 27th ult., Rev. W. P. Williams, of Davidson College, was married to Miss Anna Thompson, sister of Dr. G. Thomson.

—Mr. W. Scott Fizzle was married to Miss Sophia C. Carroway last week at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. A. Warner, in Washington, N. C.

—Mr. W. A. Campbell, formerly of Tennessee, but now a resident of Asheville was married last week to Miss Mollie E. Gates, the daughter of Mr. J. W. Gates, of Asheville.

—Capt. Husey, editor of the Patriot, is a candidate for Librarian of Congress. Col. John A. Sloan, formerly of this place is also a candidate for the same position.—Greensboro Workman.

—Mr. James Sprunt, of Wilmington, was married in New York on Tuesday of last week at the residence of the bride's parents, to Miss Laura Murchison, daughter of Col. Kenneth M. Murchison.

—Mrs. M. L. Little left yesterday morning to spend this winter in Southwest Georgia and Florida. She was accompanied by her brother Mr. W. L. Steele who will return shortly.—Wadesboro Times.

—On Friday evening of last week a German was given at the Bryan House at Tarboro, complimentary to Miss Kate Hughes, of Mobile, Ala. Miss Hughes is a sister of Mrs. Walter P. Williamson, of Tarboro.

—Margaret Grest, the author of the very beautiful poem "Fire Coals" which has been copied from the Youth's Companion, of Boston, by so many of the North Carolina papers, is Miss Maggie Andrews, of Mobile, Ala. Miss Hughes is a sister of Mrs. Walter P. Williamson, of Tarboro.

—Gen. J. F. Gilmer, a native of North Carolina and an uncle of Judge John A. Gilmer died recently in Savannah, Ga., where he has resided since the war. He was one of our best soldiers and a man well known and highly esteemed in this State.

—It will be gratifying to his friends in Fayetteville, as it is to us, to know that Mr. W. L. Murphy, son of our friend David Murphy, Esq., of this county, has recently been elected Cashier of the First National Bank of Mexico, Texas.—Fayetteville Observer.

—Mrs. Carlisle, writes a North Carolina lady resident in Washington to THE CHRONICLE, "has been warmly interested in the contest. She is a true, plain, pleasant mannered woman, such as you would expect to meet in the average North Carolina home."

—A correspondent of the Statesville Landmark pays Miss Ina McCall's reading the following deserved compliment: Statesville society is fortunate in having a young lady of such splendid attainments, and a female college of our growing little city such a popular and proficient instructress among its able corps of teachers.

—Bishop Keener who has presided over the recent Conferences of the Methodist Church in North Carolina, all the preaching is as a preacher, and a great favorite or a great disappointment. Sometimes he preaches with a fullness of power that is overwhelming; and at other times his sermons are heavy and disappointing.

—The opening ball of the Salisbury Pleasure Club, was given in the McNeely hall on Monday evening of last week. Among the ladies present were Misses: Miss Ark, Miss Merrimon, of Raleigh, Mrs. Burt, of Pennsylvania, and Miss Wilfong, of Newton. "This," says the Watchman "is but the beginning of a series of pleasant dances inaugurated for the season by the Club."

—Mr. T. A. Kingsley, of this city, died after a brief illness, on Wednesday morning. Mr. Kingsley came here from New York ten years ago and as a member of the wood working firm of Kingsley & Ashley and later as Superintendent of the North Carolina Company's works made friends in every part of the State, and was so highly esteemed that his death has caused a very general and keen sorrow.

—On Thursday evening of last week a hop was given at Concord complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Williamson. The Observer mentions the following ladies from Charlotte who were in attendance: Miss Louise Morehead, Miss Mattie Dowd, Miss Pet Dowd, Miss Agnes Wilkes, Miss Grace Dewey, Miss Irene Hartly, Miss Cora Springs, Miss Daisy Springs, Miss Minnie Winston and Mrs. Lil Smith.

—On last Saturday the Rev. S. H. Whitaker died at his residence in Clayton in his 70th year. Mr. Whitaker, who for many years had been a local Methodist preacher, was until recently a resident of Wake. A large family connection and a very large circle of friends deeply mourn his loss. Since the death of Mrs. Whitaker several years ago, he has been in feeble health and his death was not unexpected. All his children were with him when he peacefully departed this life.

Seldom Seen Here Too.

From the New Bern Journal.

Those of our citizens who were fortunate enough to witness what we call Sunday and Monday mornings enjoyed a sight seldom seen in this sections.

PINE STRAWS.

—Lucinda Lauretta Marmaduke, Herta, etta James Alexander, Amanda Getchell, Sophia Isabella Hill, Rufin Griffin Gray, Rose Norbert Holmes. The above is the name of a Sampsonian.—Snow Hill Telegraph.

—The Rockingham Reel has received the following letter: "Mr. Editor you will please stop my part of that paper I want not walk to the postoffice for it so please don't send it any longer for I don't like it your &c."

—About a year ago a negro knave named Perry down with a rock, cutting his head pretty badly. Sol concluded to fight him. The case was heard at the last term of the court, and strange to say the jury looked the other negro, and brought in a verdict of "guilty